

Dumb Luck

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Summary: In which, when Ruffnut no longer is an option, Snotlout decides to pursue the other twin. NSFW

Dumb Luck

****Warning for, I guess like, inconsiderate sexual/romantic advancements without verbal consent? I know I felt uncomfortable writing it (which means someone out there will be uncomfortable reading it) because it feels almost normalized, which is something I try to stay away from when it comes to dubcon, but it's honestly how Snotlout's character is. Ugh. I'm sorry. Please keep in mind that Snotlout doesn't necessarily have a healthy perception of communication when it comes to relationships.****

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><p>Dumb Luck

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><p>Snotlout was inherently lucky in many ways. It ran in the Jorgenson family. What he wasn't so lucky with? Romance (and controlling Hookfang, but that was another story).<p>

He admittedly had a certain affinity for blondes. Conventionally, blondes were attractive in his time, and he knew of many vikings that had bleached their hair in order to obtain that level of attraction (Fishlegs and Astrid, for example). Snotlout's natural hair was far too black to dye, and regardless, he thought he looked rather charming with dark features. Astrid hadn't agreed, but then, back when Snotlout had pursued her she'd been more interested in the kind of guy who could take her on romantic flights and end wars by partially switching to the other side. Dark features had no particular appeal to a girl like her.

Still, Ruffnut offered an equally beautiful appearance in Astrid's absence that Snotlout proudly pursued. Unfortunately, his affections were entirely turned down and, in congruence to his last crush, she fell for another man (once again, a guy who was fighting for the other side).

At first, Snotlout was rather in denial of this fact. No way was Ruffnut really interested in this 'Eret' guy - it was just some sort of momentary dazzle she got from his tantalizingly muscular arms and chiseled face, right?

Wrong.

Within a month they were romantically involved and Snotlout was, of course, agitated, frustrated, and a little bit dismal. He just wanted someone to love, Gods dammit!

But then, he realized something. There was still a chance to have a hot blonde at his side to tenderly massage his arms with doting coos and dip a hand into his trousers on lonely nights.

Ruffnut had a twin.

Snotlout and Tuffnut weren't necessarily close. They got along much better than some of the other vikings in their group, but Tuffnut held a certain disdain for Snotlout when the Jorgenson boy had pursued his sister. Fishlegs was an option, too, but Snotlout couldn't stand the way he rambled about dragons like they were a system of points and profiles. It made him feel dumb, and he hated feeling dumb.

Snotlout wasn't even sure if Tuffnut had any sort of sexuality in him, being that he'd never seen the dude fawn over anyone. Then again, his options weren't particularly bountiful. Really, once Astrid and Hiccup became a pair, Tuffnut merely had Snotlout and Fishlegs to choose from (unless he turned to his sister for incest, but that wasn't happening). Even before that, though, Tuffnut had zero interest in Astrid or Hiccup. Which arose the inquiry in Snotlout's mind - did he even have a chance?

Well, it wasn't as though that had stopped him before. His only real option was to seduce Tuffnut and find out.

Which was exactly what he attempted to do. It started out with subtle, light touches that may have lingered more than friendly touches. Snotlout's fingers brushing Tuffnut's when handing him an axe. His hand on Tuffnut's back. Brushing their shoulders together when they walked. Pushing him gently and laughing a little too loudly at his jokes.

Tuffnut eventually did catch on, but it seemed he wasn't particularly suspicious of it. In fact, he began to reciprocate, as though surveying this new form of casual intimacy as a deeper investment into their friendship. Not wanting to give Tuffnut the wrong impression over his affections, he began a more blatant approach, as he had been used to in the past.

He began to refer to Tuffnut as 'babe' whenever he felt necessary, in addition to being overly generous whenever it wasn't necessary (offering Tuffnut food when he was eating, holding open doors for

him, and giving him the sheep he caught during their dragon races). At some point the other members of their group caught on and began to send him weird looks. Tuffnut himself acted taken back, and perhaps a little wary, but concluded to shrug off these advancements. Snotlout overheard him unsurely supplying a theory to his sister that maybe Snotlout was just really friendly. This concept proposal was met with an exasperated groan and Ruffnut mumbling, "You're on your own for this one..."

It wasn't until Snotlout caught Tuffnut alone on the hillside, late at night, and outright slapped his ass that Tuffnut really grasped the magnitude of what was going on. And when he did, he made quite the scene. Snotlout inwardly thanked the Gods that they were alone because he didn't think he could've handled Tuffnut like that in public.

The his hand came into contact with Tuffnut's rear end, Tuffnut had stiffened and swiveled around in utter shock, coming face to face with a rather smug, casual grin.

"Dude, what was that?" He asked, voice shocked and with a tinge of anger in it. Red hues were swirling in his cheeks, contrasting wonderfully with his blond hair.

"Why? You liked it, babe?" Snotlout teased with a laugh as he prepared to descend the hill, not particularly expecting anything to come of his actions.

"I... Oh, Gods- Gods! You... You have a thing for me!" Tuffnut gasped with this epiphany, a hand clutching at his chest as though he was almost offended at the prospect.

"Uh, duh." Snotlout muttered, glancing his way as he started to make his way down.

"Oh no you don't," Tuffnut growled and yanked him back up by the collar of his shirt. "You don't just confess your love for me and walk away!"

"Correction? I didn't confess." Snotlout smiled as he was forced to face his beloved, and he ran a hand down Tuffnut's chest, which slid just down to his belly button before it was promptly retracted. "You confessed for me."

"Oh, like that makes a huge difference." Tuffnut growled. "You... Man! You couldn't have just, I don't know, told me you liked me? You confused the heck out of me! I thought..."

"Good feelings of confusion?" Snotlout snickered as he rested his weight on one hip, his eyes raking over Tuffnut's mildly flustered visage.

Tuffnut rolled his eyes. "If you call getting a boner for your friend good, then yeah, whatever."

It was Snotlout's turn to be on the more flustered side, as he blinked rapidly and reddened a bit himself. "You... Wh-?"

Tuffnut shrugged. "It's not like I get touched much aside from Ruffnut or my dragon. It... Well, y'know."

"Yeah," Snotlout responded with a dry throat as he glanced down to Tuffnut's lips. "I do know."

And with that, he leaned up to plant a gentle yet firm kiss on Tuffnut's lips.

Tuffnut immediately stiffened, and his hands clutched at Snotlout's shoulders in an almost frenzied grasp. Snotlout wasn't sure if he was pushing him away or pulling him closer, before it seemed as though Tuffnut decided to hold him in place. Momentarily, all was still, until Tuffnut began to slowly mold their lips together. Snotlout's hands slid over Tuffnut's waist, groping at his torso through his clothes, before he dipped down to grab a handful of his ass. Tuffnut gasped quietly, and a growl materialized in his throat, his fingers tightening on his shoulders. Snotlout almost thought he would be pushed away entirely, until suddenly, Tuffnut pulled his body flush to his own.

Their make out session grew particularly heated when Tuffnut pushed him to the ground and Snotlout began to grind their hips together through their pants. It evoked heated grunts from the both of them, and they could feel each other stiffening between the legs through the fast-paced frottage.

Eventually, Snotlout tore off their pants altogether so that they were skin-on-skin, and Tuffnut emitted a moan that made his cock jerk and _Gods_, when did it get so _hot_ outside?

When Tuffnut began to finger himself, Snotlout watched and rubbed at his length, getting it wet with his own precum for when his lover and friend impaled himself on it. And when he did, Snotlout groaned in a way he didn't even know he could, yanking at Tuffnut's hair and bringing him closer, closer, _closer_.

Snotlout fucked him harder than he imagined possible. His thrusts were frenzied, bordering on desperate as the sounds of their grunts and movements echoed into the wind. He fucked Tuffnut like an animal in heat, fucking him senseless, until his eyes rolled back and he was practically screaming Snotlout's name as he raked his fingernails down his back and they trembled together.

They came hard into the night with cries and yells, holding onto each other with undistilled lust and fervor, and Snotlout's last thought before he passed out - laying in the grass, naked with Tuffnut - was that he should've just gone for this blond in the first place.

When they awoke, it was to the startled yelp of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and the uncomfortable gurgling of his trusted companion, Toothless. Tuffnut and him made no move to make themselves decent as they sent him smug grins, their sex something to brag about more than anything else. Tuffnut kissed him passionately right in front of their startled chief in a way that they'd all be sure to remember for a _long_ time.

And in that moment, Snotlout decided that he was pretty damn lucky.

End

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